

rains of fate by goldenasteri

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe, F/M, Mileven, One Shot, Red String of Fate, Soulmate AU, basically wrote this a long time ago bc of tumblr and figured id post, eleven and mike first meet, set in season 1!!, unedited

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Summary:

Mike didn't particularly care about his string.

At least, not like the other boys did. Not like most people did.

Until that fateful night, where everything went to shit, and they went out into the pouring rain.

aka a mileven red string of fate one shot.

rains of fate

Mike didn't particularly care about his string.

At least, not like the other boys did. Not like most people did.

Everyone had a string. You were just born with it. It was soft, and kind of see through, and things could pass through it, but somehow you could touch it. Bright red and easy to forget, many people revolved their lives around their strings, their fate, their soulmates.

And the boys were just those people.

Sometimes, there were hours where the rest of the party, in Mike's basement of course, would take a few steps here, a few steps there- just to see how the string would tighten. What direction would give it the most slack? What direction would pull it taught?

Dustin always joked about walking in one direction for miles until he found his soulmate. Lucas, ever the realist, said that he'd rather just wait until they come to him. Will would sit and giggle at their debate, before butting in about how Dustin would pass out before he reached the end. Dustin would then retaliate that he'd last longer than Will would, and suddenly it was an all out insult war.

And so it went. For years and years, the boys talked and chatted and dreamed about the opaque, scarlet thread that sat, knotted, on their littlest finger. And for years and years, Mike rarely cared.

He wasn't always the best with other people, so sometimes he worried a little- but he knew there had to be someone. He just didn't know who. And frankly? He was more caught up in the next campaign than who was at the end of the string. Of course he talked about it with everyone else, but Mike was not one to lose himself in the future. He didn't want to grow up, or learn about soulmates, or talk about marriage. The latter wasn't really working out for his parents, so why would it work out for him? He liked being a kid. He liked being 12.

Until one night.

Until her.

Mike trudged through the rain, Lucas and Dustin at his heels. Will was gone, and his mom had him locked in the house like a dog. He was furious and grieving, and he could think of little more than losing one of his best friends. His pinky finger was burning (probably from some stupid thorn scratch) and, when the intensity of the storm set in, Mike realized they probably should have just stayed home.

“Mike!” Lucas’s voice snapped him back to reality. “Your string- it’s glowing.”

The dark haired boy whipped his head around. Staring in awe, he slowly raised his hand, gazing at the trail of red light snaking off his finger. Oh. Mike suddenly realized why his pinky was burning- it wasn’t a scratch after all.

Dustin gulped. “We have to follow it. Mike, you realize this right? We have to follow it. It’s never done this before- none of ours have at least. What if it means something?”

Lucas cut him off. “No, no, no. No way! It is freezing out here, and we came to look for Will. Not follow Mike’s stupid soul quest! He can go find his soulmate another time. We are looking for Will.”

Mike slowly began to tune the other boys out. His heart was in his throat, his blood raced in his ears. He took a hesitant step in the direction of the string, which was beginning to pull taught. The sopping wet leaves softly squelched under his feet, alerting the arguing boys to his decision.

“Oh no, oh no no no. I am not doing this. This is crazy!” Lucas pulled on Mike’s raincoat, before looking at Dustin with pleading eyes. “Tell him he’s mental. Dustin, c’mon man. Seriously. You know I’m right about this.”

The curly haired boy shrugged, victory shining faintly in his eyes. “Sorry Lucas, if Mike wants to go on a soul adventure, the party is going on a soul adventure.”

Mike began following the red hue through the forest, using his

flashlight to dodge rocks and branches. Suddenly, he was running, sprinting in the rain. The string pulled tighter and tighter, became brighter and brighter- the boy stopped hearing his friends' cries to slow down, wait up, quit running- until he stopped.

He was right in front of a tree.

The string? The string was looped around the trunk of a towering, shaking, birch tree.

Mike knew that as soon as he turned around this bend, as soon as he took this one step, his life would be changed forever.

Taking a shaking breath, he rounded the bend.

And in front of him, blinded by the glow from his flashlight, was a girl with no hair, a wild eyes, and a bloody Benny's Diner shirt. She squinted at him, blinking away rain and shining light. She looked like a deer caught in headlights, rain thrumming down around her like blinking stars. The thread of crimson burned on her pinky, trailed down to her feet, and came right up to Mike's hand.

And in that moment, for the first time, Mike cared about his string.

Author's Note:

hey gang!!

i dont write fanfic often but this was something i wrote for a tumblr ask earlier this year. i thought id post it!! hope yall enjoy,,, please comment!! id love to hear what you think of it. please remember i am not a fic writer usually however!! i am not great at this yet so be patient lol

i am on tumblr, twitter, instagram, and youtube all with the same name (@goldenasteri)

have a lovely day!